





CHILDREN'S BOOK  
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Children's Books



HODGE,  
*HIS WIFE,*  
AND HIS TWO BOYS.



ONDON: PRINTED FOR S. LEE, No. 70, FETTER-LANE,  
HOLBORN.  
1810.

OLD HODGE had two children  
by MARY his wife,  
One the joy, and the other  
the plague of his life.

For SAM was assiduous,  
and strove to do right,  
But TOM was unruly  
from morning till night.

Contented he smok'd, and drank  
ale with his dame,  
And each neighbour was welcome,  
whenever he came.

*The good Boy Writing.*



When SAM went to practise  
to read or to write,  
To tease and disturb him  
was all TOM's delight.

For TOM tho' oft scolded  
by father and mother,  
Neglected his learning, and  
laugh'd at his brother.

SAM pitied his brother, and  
thought him a fool,  
And soon was the principal  
boy in the school.

Was always the first at the  
church on a Sunday,  
While TOM was as sure to play  
truant on Monday.

*The naughty Boy at play.*

Here's 'Tom, naughty fellow,  
at play you may see,  
With others as careless  
and idle as he.

Who, regardless of all their  
good parents' advice,  
Become foes to industry and  
adepts in vice.

Now they play, now they cheat,  
then wrangle and fight,  
And nothing can end the  
contention but night.

Of his conduct ashamed, of  
his parents in dread,  
Like a thief he sneaks home,  
and goes hungry to bed.



*The good Boy sent for from School.*



HODGE delighted to hear how  
 his son was improv'd,  
 How much was esteem'd, and  
 how greatly belov'd,

Sent JACK with two presents---  
for the master a ham,  
And a nice little galloping  
pony for SAM.

For he thought as the boy could  
read well and could write,  
He the workmen might hire,  
and pay them at night.

SAM mounted, and galloped as  
swift as the wind,  
Leaving JACK on his donkey  
at distance behind.

*The naughty Boy punished.*



In vain lazy Tom wished to  
mount up and ride,  
When in anger he roar'd, and  
he stamp'd and he cried.

He rail'd at his father, his  
mother, and master,  
And the louder he roar'd as  
his brother rode faster.

When the master, to curb  
his impetuous will,  
On his head put the fool's-cap,  
and made him sit still.

Thus sneer'd at, and laugh'd at,  
he sat on the stool,  
Some pitied poor Tom, others  
call'd him Tom Fool.

*The good Boy at Plough.*



With the lark in the morning  
SAM rises with glee,  
Not more happy the lark at  
its rising than he.

When he follows the plough on  
the sun-parched heath,  
He hears the herds low in  
the vallies beneath.

Or when seated at meal-times  
beneath an elm tree,  
No great ones he envies,  
though richer than he.

On their soft beds of down, if  
they can, let them rest;  
He thinks that the life of  
a farmer is best.

*The naughty Boy Bird's-nesting.*

But nothing could conquer  
Tom's passion for play;  
He was ready for mischief  
by night or by day.

Whate'er his companions  
    propos'd he embrac'd,  
Though sure in the end to be  
    flogg'd and disgrac'd.

Was a nest to be taken,  
    none so ready as he,  
Tho' once the bough broke, and  
    he fell from the tree.

The others affrighted  
    ran into the wood,  
And left him to find his  
    way home as he could.



*The good Boy sowing.*

The ground all prepar'd, HODGE  
goes forth with his son,  
To see that the work has  
been properly done.

If right, he with pleasure  
instructs him to sow,  
Then waits for the blessing  
that causes to grow.

For rain is both needful for  
ploughing and sowing,  
No reaping without it,  
without it no mowing.

This blessing, when sought for  
no doubt will be granted,  
And sent at the time when  
it most will be wanted.

*The naughty Boy robbing an Orchard.*

No reproofs nor rebukes, no  
 entreaties or prayers,  
 From his friends can reclaim him,  
 for nothing Tom cares;

In sleeping and drinking  
by day his delight,  
And in robbing of hen-roosts  
or orchards at night.

For lately with others he  
travell'd some miles  
To plunder the orchard of  
good farmer GILES.

That Tom was a party  
the neighbours declare,  
And justice will soon  
overtake him I fear.

*The Harvest Field.*

The harvest well ripened,  
the reapers repair  
With sickles to reap it,  
and bind it with care.

Which when SAM saw well hous'd,  
he rejoic'd at the sight,  
And promis'd them all a  
good supper at night.

Between HODGE and his Wife see  
SAM seated already,  
At the table to help them, but  
hopes they'll be steady.

With beef and plum pudding  
he sees them well fed,  
Then sends them with plenty  
of ale home to bed.

*The naughty Boy at the Alehouse.*

Now TOM having shar'd all  
 the ill-gotten spoils  
 Produc'd from the orchard  
 of good farmer GILES,

With his wicked companions  
he gambles and swears,  
Drinks glass after glass, and  
forgets all his cares.

Stretch'd at length on the seat, he  
sleeps sound without fear,  
Though suspicions were stronger,  
and danger was near.

Just as Tom rose from sleep, and  
the rest still at play,  
The officers seized them,  
and took them away.



*The good Boy going to Market.*

HODGE, though aged and grey, was  
resolv'd once again  
To the market to go, and  
dispose of his grain.

For wishing to introduce  
SAM to his friends,  
He thought it would answer  
two very good ends.

SAM mounted the pony, while  
HODGE rode old Ball,  
And they quickly arriv'd at  
the market-town hall.

With joy their friends met them,  
and bought all their grain,  
Then shook hands and parted,  
and rode home again.

*The naughty Boy sent to Sea.*

TOM confus'd and distracted,  
to think what a fool  
He had been to behave so  
unruly at school;

But too late he repents  
to justice is brought,  
While trembling he stands,  
and confesses his fault.

But the Court knowing Hodge,  
in compassion agree,  
To save Tom from ruin,  
so sent him to sea.

Then Tom join'd the press-gang,  
to sail on the main,  
And perhaps we shall never  
behold him again.

*The Funeral of Hodge and his Wife.*



Poor HODGE and his MARY,  
 now worn out with grief,  
 At the loss of their son, though  
 SAM gave them relief;

Yet each day and each night,  
still so feeble they grew,  
That the neighbours perceived  
their death was in view:

So it prov'd, for in less than  
a fortnight at most,  
They left SAM their blessing,  
and gave up the ghost.

The village all mourn'd, and the  
neighbours would carry  
The coffins of HODGE and his  
faithful wife MARY.

*The good Boy's Wedding.*

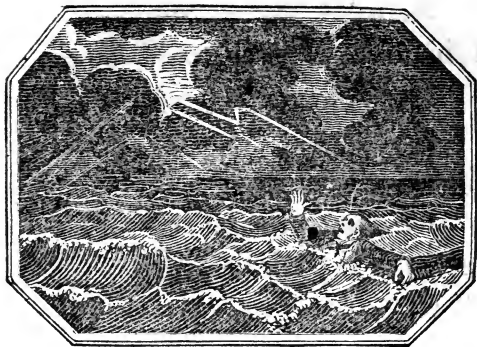
SAM mourn'd for his father  
and mother sincerely,  
For SAM by his parents no  
doubt was lov'd dearly.

He never forgot them,  
the villagers say,  
Although a young damsel  
appear'd in the way.

He had long lov'd the maid, she  
had long lov'd the swain,  
Parted oft with regret, and  
as oft met again.

He ask'd her consent, she  
with blushes replied,  
Soon he led her to church, and  
there made her his bride.



*The naughty Boy drowned.*

Whether Tom in a frigate  
or sloop went to sea,  
Is certainly nothing  
to you or to me;

He soon learn'd to drink grog,  
as most sailors do,  
If his messmates could swear, he  
knew how to swear too.

Though Tom as a sailor  
was said to be clever,  
Yet still he continued as  
wicked as ever.

'Midst a storm in which no  
human power could save,  
Poor Tom sunk, alas! in  
a watery grave.

[Squire and Warwick, Printers.]



